
THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER.

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Latin School Register

VOL. XIV.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 2.

The Mountain of Mystery.

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON FULLER.

IV.

THIS room was furnished much better than the one in which he had been confined. The walls were hung with heavy tapestries, and the furniture was massive and beautiful. But Harry gave only a short glance at the surroundings. His eye rested upon the occupant of the room, his fellow prisoner.

She was a girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen summers. She was dressed in a buck-skin skirt and jacket, and her feet were clad in moccasins. But he was attracted by her more than ordinary beauty. Her black hair hung in delightful confusion over her shoulders, and her large, dreamy eyes were surmounted by delicately curved eye-brows. A mouth like a rose bud, and a crimson flush on her plump, brown cheeks heightened her beauty.

Harry could not remove his eyes from her ; for it seemed so strange to find such a gem in so gloomy a setting. His reflections were, however, cut short ; for the girl advanced towards him and held out both hands.

"I know you will help me," she said ; "you look honest, and surely you are not one of this horrid band."

"I should hope not," replied Harry, taking her hands ; "but we must act quickly. We have not a moment to lose. It is impossible to escape by my room. These walls look much more frail. Only keep up a good heart."

Upon examining the door, he found that it would be comparatively easy to force the bolts with the aid of his iron bar. He made the attempt, and it proved even easier than he had

dared to hope. In fact, after several moments, the door was forced, and, opening it cautiously, he stepped without. The girl followed him, and together they glided silently along the passage-way. Soon a light appeared ahead. It drew nearer, and finally resolved itself into a lantern in the hands of one of the bandits.

"Quick !" whispered Harry to the girl, "crouch down behind this rock," and at the same time he drew her down and close to the wall. The man approached slowly. He was trying to light his pipe, and, thanks to the attention he was paying to a flickering match, he passed the fugitives and disappeared down the passage-way. As soon as he was out of sight, they pressed forward again.

Soon a draught of cool air became perceptible, and Harry discovered a window like opening in the side of the passage. He climbed into it and perceived bushes outside. Carefully parting the bushes, he got a glimpse of a wooded slope. He immediately slid back into the passage and informed the girl of his discovery. With some difficulty he finally succeeded in getting her through the opening and then passed through himself. Hardly was he outside, when the man with the lantern rushed past the window, and a moment later there came a sharp whistle from the interior of the cave.

"Our escape has been discovered !" cried Harry. "Let us get away from here as quickly as possible." Pushing their way through the veil of bushes before the opening, they found themselves on the mountain side, with a scene of dazzling beauty outspread before them. The gray dawn was just lighting up into full day, as the sun rose slowly between two hills.

Below, a slender water-fall dashed from the brink of a precipice into a canon. On the summit of the hill on which they stood, were three lonely pine trees of immense height. As the girl caught sight of them, she exclaimed :

" 'The Pines' ! I know where we are now. Those trees are a guide-board for miles around. Follow me, and I will lead you to a trail which will take us to the main road.' "

It is useless to describe the irksome journey to the highway, over which Harry had traveled in the stage the previous day. However, when they reached the road, it was their good

I want to relieve his anxiety for me as soon as I can. The door is open ; come right in and step into the library, please, while I hunt for father."

She motioned him to enter a room on the right, and immediately disappeared up the stairs. Harry pushed open the door and stepped within. The sight which greeted his eyes caused him to recoil with horror. Upon the floor lay the body of Squire Clarke, with several ugly bruises upon his forehead. His eyes were fixed in a horrible glare, and his features preserved an agonized expression, even in death. Beside him on the floor lay a



"HARRY PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR."

fortune to fall in with a party of prospectors on their way to Stony Brook, and in their company, Harry and his fair companion arrived in the town late in the forenoon.

Everybody knew of the abduction of Squire Clarke's daughter, and the appearance of the abducted together with Harry Rivers, the story of whose capture by the bandits the occupants of the stage had spread, created much excitement. But the fugitives made their way at once to Squire Clarke's house, a splendid building which stood on the outskirts of the town. As they mounted the steps of the veranda, Maude said :

" Father will be so grateful to you for your noble conduct. I do hope he is at home ; for

letter, and Harry uttered a cry of astonishment, as he saw his own name upon the envelope. Picking it up he thrust it, into his pocket, and his attention was drawn to a short club lying near the body. Upon examining it, he found that it was loaded heavily. While he was attentively looking at it, he heard shouts outside and was about to leave the room, when a number of men rushed into the hall. As they saw Harry, one of them cried :

" I seen him do it, boys. See ! he's got the club in his hand yet."

The men seized Harry, took away the club, and pinioned his arms firmly with ropes. Meanwhile the crowd had increased, until it seemed that the whole population of the place

had arrived. Harry was thunderstruck at the turn affairs had taken and had lost all power of speech. Horrible thoughts flashed through his mind, thoughts of the summary execution of border justice, and he noticed with a shudder the fact that the rope with which he was bound was sufficiently long for certain other purposes.

Suddenly a man worked his way to the front and cried :

"Boys, let that lad go ; he's innocent. Do yer know who's leadin' yer ? Don't yer recognize that man ? It's Carson the road agent !"

V.

As these words were uttered, the man who had been foremost in the ranks of Harry's captors suddenly turned pale, and, turning quickly, leaped out of the library window. No other proof of his guilt was needed, and the crowd of miners hurried in his pursuit. The man who had made the startling statement stepped up to Harry and cut his bonds. It was Broncho Bob, the stage driver.

"What, you, alive !" cried Harry.

"Cert ; it was only a scratch. But they've told me how yer drove the coach, after I were laid out. Just like yer father, my boy !"

"Have you that letter ?" inquired Harry.

"You bet, right here," and the driver slapped his shirt.

"What do you think of this ?" and Harry produced the letter he had found by the body and explained how he found it.

"It's just what I've been a suspectin'. But now we'll vamoose to my ranch an' compare notes, an' I reckon it won't be long before we locate yer father an' my old pard."

As they were about to leave the house, a figure appeared before Harry. It was Maude Clarke. Her face was tear-stained ; but she spoke with a firm voice.

"Mr. Rivers," said she, "I am sorry to have caused you so much trouble ; but I am alone now and I am the only one who can thank you for your kindness."

"Is there no one here, no one to stay with you ?" asked Harry.

"I have no mother," said the girl, "and the servants have all disappeared."

"Bless yer heart, Miss, yer shan't stay here alone. Come down ter my ranch, an' my mother 'll take care of yer," interrupted the driver. "It ain't sech an elegant place ; but yer know my mother, an' yer know there's a

warm welcome for yer. Don't go in there," as she moved towards the library door ; "we 'll look after him."

"I know it will be best," said the girl slowly, "and I will go ; but —."

"No, Miss, you musn't," said the driver, as if divining her thoughts. "Wait ; it 'ud break yer all up ter see him now."

Bob led her to the door, and the three proceeded by a short cut to the driver's "ranch." It was a pretty cottage surrounded by a garden. Maude was handed over to the motherly care of Mrs. West, Bob's mother, and then the driver led the way to his room. When they were alone, he seated himself opposite Harry at the table and produced a torn piece of paper. Harry soon found the other half, which he had preserved carefully in a memorandum book, and they eagerly fitted the note together. There was a moment's silence as both read the united letter. Then they looked at each other in astonishment. Here is what they saw.

"TO MY SON IF HE BE ALIVE :

"I beg you to pardon my long silence. If you believed me dead, because I did not write to you, I swear to you that I was prevented from carrying on any communication with the outside world. I am still alive and in good health, but I have not seen a civilized face for years. I beseech you to believe my story, though it be strange and seem to lack all reason. If you are courageous, come to my aid. For seven years I have been a captive among the strangest people upon the face of the globe. In the mountainous region of Alaska at about Long. 145 W., Lat. 63 N., there dwells in a concealed city a lost race, a race possessing customs as far removed from those of our own land as if they were inhabitants of another planet. Great dangers beset him who tries to reach this country. It is shut in by immense tracts of swamp and desert in which no living creature can survive, on account of the deadly vapors thereof. If this letter reach you, my son, watch for that which is to follow. Therein shall be set forth the secret of the road to this country. I can write no more now.

JOHN RIVERS."

"Let us look at the other letter, my lad," said Bob.

Harry opened it and spread it out upon the table. It read as follows :

"TO MY SON :

"Here let the road to that country, of which I have told you, be revealed. If you have the courage, proceed as is herein laid out. Sitka to Alexandrovsk, Alexandrovsk to sources of the Copper river. Proceed by water as much as is possible. After reaching the Copper river you must proceed northward into the

mountains to the Settlement of the Axe. Here find Alexis Varusk. By his aid alone can you reach this place. If he be dead, return by the road you came. This must be my last message to the outside world. May God speed it on its course.

JOHN RIVERS."

"Why should this have been in the possession of Clarke?" said Harry.

"If your father never returned to this country, old Clarke would profit in some way," replied the driver. "When John was here, the Squire was always into his affairs, an' it's my belief that some of old Clarke's money belongs to yer father. Clarke asked the postmaster fer that letter."

(To be continued.)

A DYNAMITE SCARE.

"SIR:—Beware of what may come to your house between 11 and 12 A.M. tomorrow. Dynamite is dangerous."

That was all it said. It was neatly written on the back of an old letter and slipped under the door. The servant brought it to my room as I was about to retire. It was then eleven o'clock. To say that I was startled would be saying little. I was thunderstruck. Me! Somebody had designs against me! I hurriedly considered what to do as I put on the clothes I had just laid aside. My first impulse was to rush away to the nearest police station and report the matter. But it suddenly came to me that, perhaps, this was only a joke that some one was trying to play upon me, and, fearing that I should be laughed at, I decided to sit down and think it over.

The first thing I did was to examine the note and the writing; but I was no wiser than before. As I have already said, the paper was only a rough piece, torn from the back of an old letter, and the writing, although neat, was wholly unfamiliar.

I was at a loss what to do. That someone had written it as a joke I did not now doubt; yet what if it should be a true warning? Would it be right to ignore it? I could come to no conclusion, and decided to wait until the next day.

In the morning I was more disposed than ever to think it a joke, and I waited developments with much curiosity.

At about quarter past eleven the bell rang and, stopping the servant, I hastened to open the door. Imagine my horror upon seeing on the steps a square bundle, about the size of a brick, with an expressman's tag on one end.

"Do you believe what this says?" asked Harry slowly.

"Every word of it. It's as true as gospel. Look at the writin', an' the language sounds jist like yer father. I'd stake my life that John Rivers wrote that an' wrote it fer the truth."

"Well, then," said Harry, rising from the table, "I am going to Alaska, to find my father. Will you come and aid me in my search for your old friend?"

"Lad," replied the driver, extending his hand, "if you hadn't decided ter go, I'd have gone alone."

At first I was loth to touch it, but I finally plucked up courage and carefully, very carefully, I picked it up and carried it in. I had already determined on what course to pursue if anything should come. I carried it up to my room, placed it in a basin and covered it with water.

In about a half hour the bell rang again and Mr. R——, a dear friend of mine, was announced. I rushed to the parlor to greet him, forgetting in my haste all about the dynamite affair. My first words were,

"How are you old man? Why, for goodness sake, didn't you let me know that you were coming?"

"Let you know that I was coming," he answered, "let you know that I was coming! Well, I like that! As if I didn't. What do you call that note you received last night but my warning? Ain't I somebody? Don't I contain plenty of dynamite? Eh?" and he ended with a laugh.

I was aghast. This was what the note meant! This was the end of it all! No; not quite the end, for what was it I had consigned to the water upstairs? That would only be learned by opening the packet. I hastily excused myself and ran upstairs. My friend followed, thinking, as he afterwards said, that I was going crazy. Into my room I rushed and snatched the bundle from the water. Quickly I tore the wet paper from it. There, nicely soaked with water, lay a box of the best Havana cigars, and on top of them a note from an old chum of mine, who had gone to the West Indies to spend the winter.

F. C. L. '97

"THE TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF" SHOE-STRINGS.

An author has advanced the theory of the total depravity of inanimate objects in general, but I wish to speak of the most utter depravity of shoestrings.

What Latin School boy, having sat up late the night before, studying, of course, and having bolted a fraction of a breakfast, with about thirty seconds to catch the only car which will take him to school in time—what Latin School boy, I repeat, has not noticed that under the above circumstances his shoestrings invariably break? Who cannot recall numerous instances, when he was so loaded with bundles that it was an impossibility to stoop, on which the latches of his shoes untied themselves? Yes, untied themselves!

I hold that when, on that aforesaid morning, you arose and began to hunt wildly for your shoes,—being in a hurry, the shoes had discovered it and concealed themselves,—those strings inferred, from the several times you said "confound those shoes," that you were in a hurry. Thereupon they put their heads together and concocted the scheme of breaking.

I cannot too earnestly impress my readers to conceal all circumstances of their lives and habits from their shoestrings.

L. '95.

THE CLASS PIN.

At a recent meeting of the class of '95 the following were elected as a pin committee:

Fuller,
Temple,
Lamson,
Reilly.
Davis.



The above design has been selected and is now in the hands of the engraver. We believe

that it is fully as artistic as any that have preceded it. The wreath, sword, quill, figures '95, and letters B. L. S. are of gold. The triangle is of purple enamel, and the space between it and the wreath is of white enamel. The engraver is Dunlop.

B. L. S. GLEE CLUB.

Yes, we are going to have a Glee Club. This idea originated in the graduating class, and as it was readily approved by Dr. Merrill and Mr. Capen, it gradually developed, until we can say we are fairly under way.

The original plan, seconded by Mr. Capen, was to have a male quartette. But the scarcity of first tenor voices prevented. It was then decided to organize a glee club of sixteen mixed voices. To do this, sopranos and altos are being selected from the lower classes, while the upper classes are furnishing tenors and basses. The best voices are selected from those who desire to try, and then sixteen will be chosen from those. There is still an opportunity of trying for membership. The Glee Club will be under the supervision of the head master, and will be conducted by Mr. Capen, who has very kindly granted his services. If there are any members of the school whose voices have not been already tried by Mr. Capen, and who wish to join the Glee Club, they can apply to Room 18.

MUSIC.

There has lately been an appeal made in the schools for musicians. A school of five hundred pupils surely ought to be able to produce twenty or twenty-five players capable of performing moderately easy music.

The advantages of a school orchestra are many. In the first place it helps to enliven the monthly declamations. Then, also, the advantage gained by ensemble playing is a personal one to the pupil who displays any musical ability whatever.

The time occupied by rehearsals is exceedingly short, and would not be lost by anyone. Many pupils discontinue their musical studies during their course at school, and here again a favorable opportunity presents itself to keep up a practice which, although not lengthy, is beneficial.

E. B. T. '95.

The Latin School Register

Published in the best interests of the
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Single copies seven cents.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.
All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

It is the present intention of the publishers of the "Register" to get up a holiday number, which shall eclipse all previous publications of this school. The December number will contain Christmas stories, humorous selections, etc. The cover will be illustrated, and everything will be done to make the number a success.

All who have not subscribed should do so immediately, so as to be sure of a copy. A limited number of single copies will be sold at ten cents each. Mgr.

THAT RULE of Captain Paget's, that no stoop-shouldered private shall be permitted to carry a rifle, is likely to prove the best cure for round shoulders that has ever been devised.

OUR SCHOOL is increasing in number of pupils every year. The faculty is enlarged annually to keep pace with the growth. The number of drillers is growing each year.

Meanwhile the size of the drill hall remains unaltered.

WITH COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE two of our school mates have organized an orchestra and a glee club.

By next February these institutions will have made such progress that they, especially the former, will doubtless be very instrumental in adding to the success of our celebration of Washington's Birthday.

These ventures exhibit the energy of our school to great advantage, and speak well for the boys who devote a large part of their time

to promoting the excellence of the different undertakings.

THE FIRST PUBLIC DECLAMATION clearly emphasized the noticeable lack of interest which pupils in the older classes feel for the success of this very important part of their school life.

We are all favorably impressed with the vigor which the younger classes display in their attempts for declamatory honors.

The Public Declarations have become a feature of our school, and it is the duty of every boy to make them as successful as possible.

We trust that the next Public Declaration will have a larger percentage of speakers from the older classes.

NO GOAL can be reached without a proper amount of labor. To ensure the success of an enterprise every precaution must be taken to guard against every possible contingency, for it is the critical moment which shows whether success or failure is to crown one's efforts.

Ever mindful of this truth, our foot ball team has been practising on all possible occasions, ever since school opened. With much self-denial the players have thrown all their efforts into the scale, and time has proven that their toil was not in vain.

However, notwithstanding the efforts of the players, it remains for the boys of the school to decide whether or not to make this year's foot ball a success—or a failure.

Small attendance at the games will not only embarrass the team financially but it will also tend to dishearten the contestants. It is amazing to note what confidence a friendly assemblage inspires!

The boys of the school must not fail to attend the remaining games.

THE CORRIDOR BOY.

Aux salons de Paris,—In the saloons of Paris.

Hanc legationem suscepit,—He took up this legacy.

The modern janitor is still the *ingens ianitor* of the Æneid.

Pupil—The Areopagus tried homicide.

Teacher—Did it succeed?

Teacher—I said I wanted it stiller, and immediately you make more noise still.

Since we have found out the derivation of "comet," we think our football players would better be called "comets" than "stars."

First Class Translation—"Et adorea liba per herbam subjiciunt epulis."

"And they throw wheaten cakes over their shoulders through the grass."

Teacher (soon after punishing a similar offense)—So you are chewing, too.

Pupil—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Mark him. I treat chew all alike.

Teacher—Who are the singers?

(Two pupils arise).

Teacher—You may be marked in concert, and I shall probably make it a duet tomorrow morning.

A large number of the class in Room 6 visited Lexington and Concord under the care of their teacher, one Saturday in October, and tramped the seven miles between the towns *via* the old Revolutionary road. They were warmly welcomed by the Secretary of the Antiquarian Society of Concord, and made to feel at home before a roaring log fire in one of the rooms of the old house, where they rested and took luncheon. The party were shown all the curiosities of Revolutionary times, and "hands off" was not the order of the day.

B. L. S. AT HARVARD.

On Wednesday, October 3, the "Boston Latin School Association" of Harvard College was re-organized at the rooms of E. H. Southard, in Thayer Hall. The officers elected were as follows:

President—J. P. Warren, '96.

Vice President—A. M. Beale, '97.

Sec. and Treas.—J. W. Edmunds, '98.

To the governing committee were elected the following:

From alumni	{	T. A. Mullen.
	{	G. E. Howes.
" Harvard '95	{	C. E. Noyes.
	{	M. H. Lanton.
" " '96	{	H. F. Knight.
	{	H. S. Johnson.
" " '97	{	F. G. Gay.
	{	W. H. Vincent.
" " '98	{	A. H. Rand.
	{	P. A. H. VanDaele.

The following members of B. L. S. '91 hold Class-day offices.

C. E. Noyes, Odist.

P. W. Whittemore, chairman of "Class-day Committee."

H. F. Hartwell, "Class-day Committee."

Thomas Mullen, B. L. S., is president of the "Harvard Catholic Association."

J. P. Warren, B. L. S. '92 is captain of the Harvard 'Varsity base-ball team.

W. H. Rand, B. L. S. '94, is half-back on the Freshman eleven.

A. M. Beale, B. L. S. '93, is a strong candidate for quarter-back on the 'Varsity eleven.

MILITARY.

The drill thus far this year has been doubly interesting, both to officers and men, from



F. O. WHITE, CAPT. CO. A.

the great changes that have been made in the system of instruction. The good influence of some of these changes is already percepti-

ble, while the utility of others is somewhat questionable.

An article in the E. H. S. "Record" on the new halt, expresses the opinion universally entertained. What will be the result when a very small boy with a very big gun on his shoulder attempts to arrest his progress on a waxed floor with the suddenness called for by the official halt? The result is that the small boy takes several involuntary steps, slips (perhaps falls), and executes a rather broken *Order, ARMS*. Men have fallen upon the floor of Mechanic's at nearly every prize drill, even while on the march. How much more frequent will such unseemly accidents become with the introduction of the official halt.

Let the officers of the regiment attend the

be adequate, and the limit of height would still remain high.

What tales of glory and disappointment the officers' belts could tell! for by their looks they must have seen many a parade, many a prize drill. One boy said that he thought the officers' belts were black, until he received his. No wonder he was deceived. All the black had peeled off between the innumerable cracks, and the predominating color of his belt was brown.

We have a remarkably vigorous-voiced set of captains this year; but some of the lieutenants—sh—silence.

Notice the new Adjutant's and Quartermaster's chevrons. A mistake was made in them last year. They are now correct, the



"TYPES."

various officers' parties this winter in greater numbers than heretofore. Especially was the absence of B. L. S. men from the dances noticeable last year.

The size of the battalion hampers its movements exceedingly. It is impossible to execute properly the evolutions when there are eight companies of six fours each. It is time for the formation of another battalion. The rules next year will compel a much larger percentage of the graduating class to drill, and there will be a sufficiency of men to fill the offices. At present there are eight companies of nearly fifty men each, and the sixth class is barred out from the drill, while a limit of height is placed on the fifth class. Two battalions of five companies each would

Adjutant's being similar to the Sergeant-Major's, and the Quartermaster's being similar to the Quartermaster Sergeant's. The only difference is that they are made like the other officers' chevrons, with extended point and bound edges.

The drill is much more dignified this year, and a greater distance seems to separate officers and men, on account of the more strict observance of military etiquette. Better discipline is the result. We hope it will not prove to be only temporary.

Ground ARMS will not be introduced this year. *Slack ARMS* will be executed.

J. R. Farrell will soon publish his roster of the school regiment for '94-'95.

Following is a list of the First Sergeants:

Co. A.—A. J. Logan.
 Co. B.—F. F. Teevens.
 Co. C.—T. A. Brant.
 Co. D.—M. H. Rogers.

Co. E.—F. Ordway.
 Co. F.—C. B. Hollings.
 Co. G.—C. J. Lane.
 Co. H.—E. W. Barron,

THE DEACON'S "STOVEPIPE."

Fayville was a little town when I was there; but, nevertheless, it was large enough to have various "revivals" on all subjects. There was an annual commotion over the Salvation Army; the Prohibitionists had had an assembly; and at the time of which I write there was a crusade against tobacco. This crusade would have committed wide havoc if it had run an unrestrained course; but it was especially directed against *chewing* of tobacco by boys.

To begin back a bit, wake up on a beautiful Autumn Sunday, clear and cold. The leaves are mostly brown, and many are on the ground; but there are a few brilliant colored ones with an afterglow of that vivid sunset which makes the Autumn what it is,—like the brilliant gleam of a dying spark just before it expires in cold and darkness. The landscape has that peculiar bluish haze that signifies a frosty air.

Well, on this same morning everybody got started to meeting before I did. I hurried on after them, later, enjoying my walk immensely; I saw Squire Jones' daughter sitting out under the trees before their house. Now Nancy Jones, you must know, is a very pretty girl,—(at least, *I* think so); and she is as entertaining and altogether jolly and nice as she is fair of face,—that is,—*I* think so.

Quae quum ita sint, I delayed a while and talked with her over the fence. And I kept on talking; and I must have kept on pretty long, for when I finally tore off to the meetinghouse, I found myself *very* late, and had to walk in and take my seat behind all the rest. Of course, some looked around,—those whose curiosity was too great to resist; but some who desired to appear very attentive, riveted their eyes on the preacher, but set back both ears and listened.

But, alas, my tardiness did not escape the eagle eye of old Deacon Amos Ames. He scowled and that scowl boded me no good. Sure enough, at Sunday school, the Deacon, in presiding, made a few remarks about being late which, though he called no names, were, to say the least, pointed; and he threw out a few

vague hints about "tarrying to taste o' the fruits o' Satan." There and then I resolved to get even with the Deacon, and my opportunity soon came.

The anti-chewing-tobacco-for-boys people got up a meeting. They hired the town hall, too,—(though they had to borrow money of the Judge, a confirmed smoker, to pay the rent.) They circulated posters about the village, requesting all self-respecting citizens who wished to denounce chewing tobacco, to be present, even if they did not speak. It was arranged that these should sit in the front seats and give dignity to "the cause" by their presence, if not their tongues. Visitors and sinners in the tobacco line, were consigned to the rear seats.

Although I had never indulged in the habit to be attacked, I drifted in on the night of the meeting, partly from curiosity, and partly to hear the speeches. I took my seat in the front row of visitors' seats, next to the back row of anti-tobacco-chewers' seats. The hall soon commenced to fill. Some of the prominent church members went to the front seats. Some of the well-to-do farmers more discreetly repaired to a rear seat. When the performance was about to begin, what was my surprise to see Deacon Ames come sauntering in and take a seat in front of me, with those who were there to denounce tobacco-chewing! I *knew* perfectly well that *he* chewed; and I immediately set my brain to work to devise some way to disclose his boldness and gain my revenge.

But I didn't have to devise much, for soon the Deacon set his "stovepipe" under his seat and stretched his arm over the back of his chair and leaned out into the aisle. Peering over into his overcoat pocket, I espied a part of a plug of tobacco!

Soon the speaking began; and the Deacon, as representative of the Church, was asked to speak. He readily consented and took off his overcoat before ascending the platform. The moment he left his seat, I quietly abstracted the tobacco from the coat pocket and dropped it into the hat beneath the seat.

Now the floor of the hall was built on a very steep slope, so that if anything started rolling down an aisle it would not stop till it brought up against the platform. Well, I knew that the Deacon's hat was well known by everybody in the hall,—the same old fuzzy, spotted, crooked "stovepipe." So when that worthy gentleman turned his back for a moment, I took up the hat, tobacco and all, concealing it under my overcoat, and went to the back of the hall. Here I met a number of my friends, who made way for me, and I went out, slamming the door purposely to show that I had gone.

But I soon sneaked quietly in again, and, crouching behind a few of my friends, set the Deacon's hat squarely in the middle of the aisle. Then I gave it a little shove and it was off! Bump, bumpety, bump, it went down the aisle, the plug inside bumping in unison,

The moment it started, every one in the aisle looked round to see what was the matter; and as its speed increased, some not near the aisle stretched up; and at last a loud snickering arose, and almost everybody stood up to see the career of the Deacon's hat. It landed at last with a loud thwack at the platform, and the jar joggled the tobacco out on to the floor where everyone might see it. I saw the Deacon turn fiery red, and heard the snicker developing into a laugh, and then I thought I might as well be absent, in case of future investigation. So I easily escaped without notice when all eyes were fixed either on the Deacon or his hat.

I haven't yet heard what the Deacon did or if he found out who set his hat arolling; so, if you know the Deacon, don't for the world tell him that I did it, or——!

S., '96.

THE PASSING OF THE MOON.

'Tis dark and gloomy in the dell:
Night holds the earth beneath her spell,
Wild sounds come from the forest deep:
All seems to lie in troubled sleep.
Anon a glowing tints the sky:
The mountain pines stand out on high,
Outlined against a ground of light,
Which every moment grows more bright.
At last, above the fringe of pine,
A thousand glittering lances shine
And flash, the vanguard of the moon:
Their stately queen appears full soon.
Then down the mountain side they dash,

And through the leaves the lances flash,
To put in flight the Shadows dread,
Black imps of Night, souls of the dead,
The Shadows flee far out of reach
To deep ravine and rocky breach.
Majestic in the doom of blue,
The moon has all the strife in view,
But now her face with beauty bright
A cloud veils o'er and hides from sight.
The vassal beams swift seek their queen,
Ascending in a mellow sheen,
Out from their dens the Shadows pour,
And Night o'ercomes the earth once more.

FULLER, '95.

ATHLETICS.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DANKER, '97.

The B. L. S. Tennis Tournament.

About the middle of September the fall tournament of the B. L. S. Tennis Association was played. It consisted of a preliminary and four rounds. The entries were about twenty in number.

The best playing in the tournament was done by Foster, the winner, Quincy, second, Lamson, runner-up, Miller and Wheeler. The last named is a member of the sixth class, and is very small. But despite his size he plays a very good game, making up in quickness of movement what he lacks in reach.

In the "series" appeared Foster *vs.* Lincoln and Miller *vs.* Lamson. Foster defeated Lin-

coln rather easily, but Miller did not succumb until after a long struggle.

In the finals, however, there was the hardest playing of the whole tournament. This match went to the winner of the best three out of five sets. All the other matches were on the scale of two out of three.

Foster started in to play at the start, and took the first set, 6-3. The contestants then changed sides and Lamson took the second set, 6-3, after Foster had made a great "brace" against a very discouraging score. In the third set both sides played in earnest. Foster took to the net very often, and by his slamming, his side-line places, and by taking advantage of low lob returns to kill the ball,

he took the set, 6-4. Lamson took the fourth set, 6-2. On the last and decisive set, Lamson at one time had the score 5-4 in his favor, but Foster placed so well that Lamson could not get the one game necessary to give him the match. Foster took the set and match at 7-5, thus winning the prize, the tournament, and the championship of B. S. L. in tennis.

In the contest for second place it was a toss up between Sears and Quincy, but Quincy got it.

B. L. S. 12. Hopkinson 4.

BOSTON LATIN.

r.e. Hardy.
r.t. Dority.
r.g. Nagle.
c. Eaton.
l.g. Lowe.
l.t. McLachlan.
l.e. { Benshimol (Capt.)
Rankin.
2b. Robinson.
r.h. Meehan.
l.h. Davis.
f.b. Maguire.

HOPKINSON.

Hurd l.e.
A. Adams l.t.
C. Sargent l.g.
Homans c.
W. Sargent r.g.
Jewell r.t.
Nourse, (Capt.) r.e.
Stanwood 2b.
Richardson l.h.
Livermore r.h.
W. Adams f.b.

One of the most exciting games thus far this season took place on the South End grounds October 26. Hopkinson won the toss and took the wind.



CAPTAIN DAVIS.

Benshimol kicked off and Adams gained thirty yards by fine dodging. Livermore went through left tackle for ten yards more. Adams advanced the ball three yards through

guard, and then Livermore was finely tackled by Robinson for no gain.

"Hoppy" then lost the ball on a fumble, and Davis and Maguire, by fine rushes, carried the ball right down the field until the ball was fumbled by Lowe. "Hoppy" fumbled and Maguire fell on the ball. Davis went through centre for five yards, and again the ball was fumbled. Adams went through tackle for fifteen yards and Livermore went around the end for twenty more. Benshimol at this point sprained his ankle and Rankin took his place. Then Hopkinson, by a series of short, hard rushes by Adams and Livermore, carried the ball to Latin's five-yard line.

Here our boys made a fine stand, but Adams was pushed across our line for "Hoppy's" first and only touchdown. Richardson failed in his try for a goal. Score: Hopkinson, 4; B. L. S., 0.

Maguire kicked off, and Hopkinson, by a series of tackle plays, worked the ball to the centre of the field, where it remained until the end of the first half.

SECOND HALF.

Adams kicked off over Latin's goal line and then tried it again. Rankin was downed after having three yards. Maguire then made one of the most sensational plays of the game. He carried the ball at least twenty-five yards, dodging "Hoppy's" men one after another. "Hoppy" then held our team on downs and took the ball. Livermore went around the end for twenty yards with fine interference. Adams gained ten yards through tackle. Here "Hoppy" fumbled and Hardy picked up the ball and made a run of about forty yards for Latin's first touchdown. Maguire kicked the goal. Latin, 6; Hopkinson, 4.

"Hoppy" then played a hard game; but our team was invincible and Maguire continually tore around the end for gains of ten and twenty yards.

Davis hit the line in his usual way, and it seemed as if Hopkinson could not down him. Davis was finally pushed across the line and Maguire kicked a goal. The best work of our team was done by Maguire, Davis, Eaton and Nagle. B. L. S., 12; Hopkinson, 4.

C. M., '95.

Newton High. 8-B. L. S., 6.

Our team was defeated in an exciting game by Newton High on Soldier's field, Cambridge, on Friday, October 2. The game was closely and evenly contested. Both teams were strong in offensive play and weak on the defense. Boston Latin seemed to be dazed in the first half by Newton's snappy work.

At the kick-off by Davis, Newton got the ball; but it was immediately given to Boston for off-side play. Then our team started toward Newton's goal, but the ball was fumbled.

bled by one of our men and Newton gained possession of it. Then they worked it down the field and though our team got it once; and Hardy punted, Brown, the Newton end, made a touchdown on what seemed at first to be a certain fumble; for Duane missed the ball and Brown received it instead of Blake. A difficult try for goal failed.

Davis again kicked poorly and Newton advanced the ball well down the field, but the B. L. S. managed to get possession of it. Then the ball was fumbled instantly by B. L. S., and Lee broke through the centre and got the ball and made a touchdown. An easy goal was missed by Blake. Score: N. H. S., 8; B. L. S., 0.

Time was then called with the ball in the centre of the field.

Morris's and Davis's tackling was excellent. For Newton, Brown, Paul, Duane and Chase played well. Newton's interference was worthy of an older team, Paul being especially fine at this point of the game.

The teams were;

McLachlan	i.r.	Brown
Rankin	l.t.	May
Lowe	l.g.	Van Voorhies
Eaton	c.	Lee
Nagle	i.g.	Paul
Dority	i.t.	Barnard
Hardy	i.e.	Cotting
Robinson	q.b.	Blake
Morris	r.h.b.	Chase
Meehan	l.h.b.	Duane
Davis (Capt.)	f.b.	Tucker



In the second half our team started in with a snap and dash which was commendable. Morris and Davis made some good gains and a touchdown was soon made by Davis. The goal was kicked by Hardy. Score: N. H. S., 8; B. L. S., 6.

Then Newton kicked the ball off. It changed hands several times and was steadily advanced by B. L. S. toward the Newton goal. When our team got to Newton's ten-yard line, Newton held them for four downs. And then the ball was carried out of danger by Brown, who made an excellent run to B. L. S.'s thirty yard line. Then Boston Latin got the ball and started down the field; but time was called before they could score.

For Boston Latin, Morris, Davis, Nagle, Eaton and McLachlan played a good game.

Umpire, Mr. Merrill; referee, Mr. Talcott; linesman, Mr. Clarke.

B. T. C., '95.

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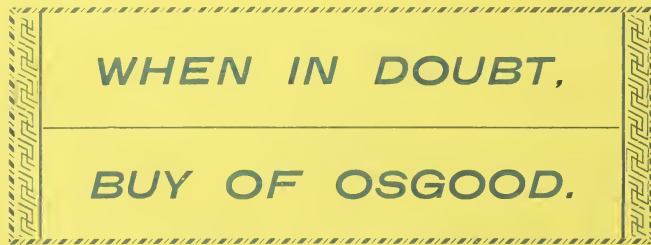
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